

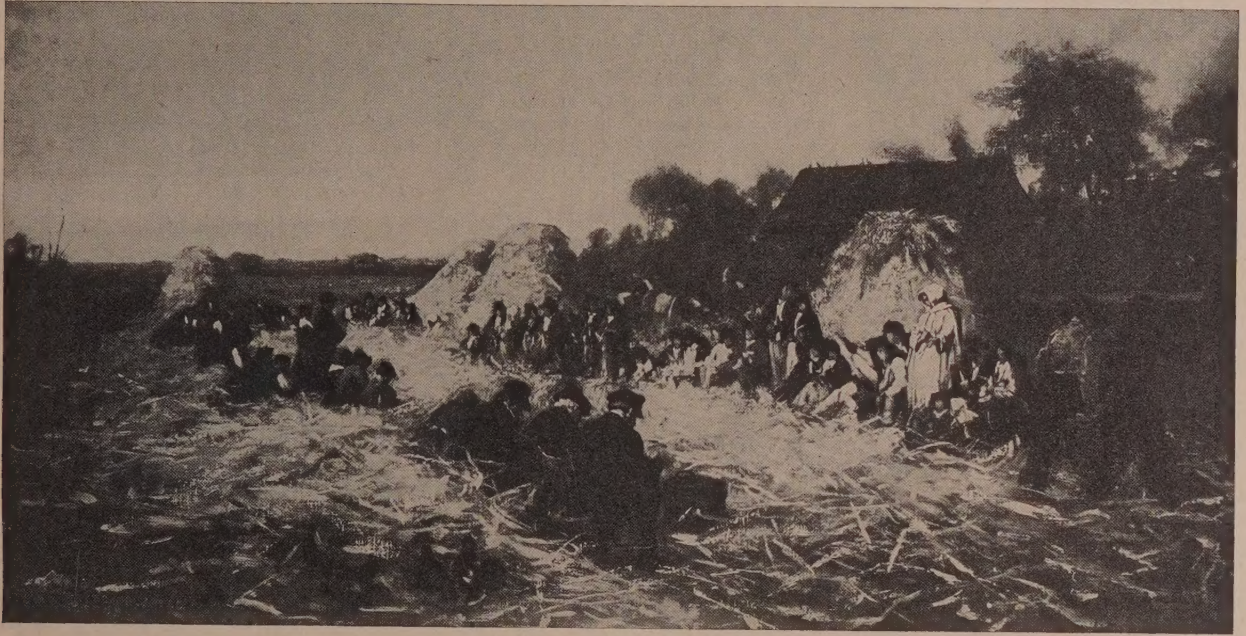
# THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

VOLUME X. No. 8

THE BEACON PRESS, BOSTON, MASS.

NOVEMBER 23, 1919



From painting by Eastman Johnson.

THE CORN HUSKING.

## Ned's "Thankless" Thanksgiving.

BY BAYARD D. YORK.

IT was not going to be any kind of a Thanksgiving—Ned Barker was sure of that. Thanksgiving Day at Uncle William's was just as exciting as shelling beans.

As he struggled into his stiff white collar he scowled at a vivid mental picture of his uncle's square yellow house set snugly in between its neighbors, yardless, bare, and totally uninviting. He knew just how Uncle William would slap him on the back and feel of his muscle—in a way that was intended to be comradely, but that always failed somehow; and just how Aunt Jane would look at him as if she expected that he might break the furniture into bits if she left him alone with it.

The honk of the automobile horn warned him that it was time to hurry downstairs. Oh, well, it was only once in three years—he ought to be able to stand it, he supposed.

If only he had not had to miss the game! It was the irony of fate that the start of the twenty-mile ride should take him by the high-school campus, where the two teams, one representing the Seniors and the Freshmen, the other the Juniors and the Sophomores, were gathering for their annual football contest. But for Uncle William and Aunt Jane, Ned would be playing left halfback. He stared stolidly ahead. A lot he had to be thankful for!

His reception at the hands of his uncle and aunt was just as he had expected it to be. In fact, everything in the Stanton home went according to a fixed schedule.

But the heaviest blow was yet to fall. Just as Ned was opening the door in response to his mother's request to go and get the sewing-bag which she had left in the car, he heard his uncle say, "Our minister is coming to dinner."

Ned went out and leaned weakly against the side of the automobile.

Aunt Jane—Uncle William—the minister!

"Oh, well," he muttered; "the first hundred years are the longest!"

Having found the sewing-bag, he went in and sat down on the edge of an uncomfortable chair, and wished the chimney would catch fire, or an earthquake come along, or some other nice thing happen!

He was meditating upon the possibilities of a tornado when the clock struck eleven. Dinner was to be at half-past one.

"I think I'll take a walk," he told his mother.

"Very well," said Mrs. Barker; and then she cautioned (as if he were five instead of fifteen, Ned reflected), "Don't get your clothes dirty."

It certainly was an uninteresting street that his uncle lived on. Ned turned at the first corner he came to.

A minute or two later his face brightened noticeably and his step became more

brisk. In a vacant lot in front of him were some twenty-five fellows evidently about to begin a football game. They seemed to be waiting for something.

"What's the trouble?" Ned asked one of them.

"Fellow on the other team failed to show up," he said. "They can't find but ten men—guess we'll have to call it off."

Ned was a lad of quick decisions. "Suppose they would take me?" he asked.

"Don't know," said the fellow. "There's the umpire. You might ask him."

A consultation, participated in by the umpire and the two captains and their players, resulted in Ned's being accepted in place of the missing man. The umpire seemed worried about Ned's clothes. Finally a jersey and a pair of overalls were produced and, protected by these, Ned went into the game with a will.

As an exhibition of skill it was not a wonderful game—the final score being 26 to 18 in favor of the side Ned had played with. Some of the fellows on the other team were inclined to grumble about Ned's part in the game.

"Now see here!" exclaimed the umpire, rather sharply. "Be good losers, you chaps! You agreed to let this young man play in Hapgood's place. We couldn't all win, you know. A good player is a good loser."

That umpire, Ned meditated, was all right. The man had attracted his attention before—for one thing he was



noticeably lame in one leg. But what Ned had noticed most about him was that the umpire seemed to live through every play as if he were in it himself. It was plain that he loved football the way Ned loved the game.

"I must run, fellows," the umpire said suddenly, with a glance at his watch. "I'm going out to dinner and it's past one o'clock already. What have you got to be thankful for?"

"We won the game!" shouted ten of the fellows together.

"I'll tell you three things right offhand that are more worth being thankful for than that," said the umpire. "You have two good legs apiece—that's the first; you have youth and enthusiasm—that's the second; and you are American boys in 1919—that's the third and biggest!"

He limped off; and Ned, having divested himself of his borrowed clothes and dusted and smoothed his own, hastened back to Uncle William's.

He kept out of his mother's sight as long as he could; but she presently noticed his scratched shoes. She was lecturing him when a mild voice at the door remarked,

"Don't scold the boy too hard—he played a good game."

Ned looked up in astonishment. It was the umpire!

"Our minister, Mr. Dines," said Uncle William; adding, after the introductions were over, "Mr. Dines is just back from eighteen months of duty overseas as a 'Y' secretary."

Dinner turned out to be a more enjoyable affair than Ned had expected.

"When the news came last November that the armistice had been signed," Mr. Dines said toward the end of the dinner, "my first thought was, what a Thanksgiving they'll have back home! Do you know what the boys in the trenches were most thankful for? Not that they were alive or that the Germans were beaten. They were the most thankful, I think, for the chance to have fires and lights again! If you have ever groped around in a cold damp darkness, you can realize what wonderful friends a warm fire and a light can be!"

"You were wounded?" Mr. Barker asked.

"Yes—during my second week at the front," the minister answered. "A shell exploded near me—and buried me with mud and other nice things. After I left the hospital I was at the front for eight months—and never received a scratch!"

"He doesn't tell the important part of it," said Aunt Jane. "He was bringing in wounded men when that shell exploded and shattered his leg. And in spite of the fact that he was badly hurt he brought in a wounded man on his back—and saved that man's life."

"Sounds heroic—but wasn't!" Mr. Dines smiled. "I didn't realize at the time that I was hurt, and I just brought the poor chap in as a matter of routine. By the way, perhaps you didn't know it, but you are all coming to our four o'clock Thanksgiving service to-day."

Apparently they had not known it—but they went. Ned had never expected to really enjoy going to church, but he did enjoy it to-day. For the first time he realized clearly that religion was not something for girls and women and weak-

kneed men and boys. It was something that was needed by high-school boys, by football players, by fraternity members—even by grown-up men.

The minister by whose side he had played football and with whom he had eaten dinner pointed a finger straight at him—or so it seemed.

"Tell me what you are thankful for, and I will tell you what sort of a person you are," he said. "Are you thankful because now that the war is over business and fun can go on in the old way? Are you thankful because you are getting more money than you used to get? Some of you are thankful because you are able to eat a double portion of roast turkey and not have a stomach-ache afterwards; some of you because you haven't red hair and freckles. And some of you aren't thankful for anything."

His steady finger swept over the room.

"I'll tell you some of the things you ought to be thankful for," he said. "You ought to be thankful that you have strong bodies, clear minds, human hearts—and that you are Americans of 1919; for those are things that this poor half-destroyed world needs very badly to-day."

On the ride home Ned sat very still, thinking. The picture of the lame man who loved football and who could never play again came rather vividly to his mind.

This very morning he had thought, sarcastically, a lot he had to be thankful for.

He counted out on his fingers—two good legs, a clear mind, the ability to play for his school and to work for his country, the willingness to fight, if need be, for his ideals.

He changed the words a bit.

He had a lot to be thankful for!

### This Golden Thanksgiving.

BY AGNES MILLER.

DOWN the yellow road

Whirl the golden leaves,

In the yellow fields

Stand the ripened sheaves.

Where the harvest sun

Pours its mellow light,

Gleams the shining corn,

Glow the pumpkins bright.

Through the whole fair land

Golden riches flow,

And with golden Peace

All the world's aglow!

### Tufty Owl's Task.

BY CAROL C. CRAIN.

BOBBY BURNS was proud of the little owl which he and his father found in the woods one day. As soon as they had warmed him up by the kitchen stove, they put him out in the garage. There he snatched a mouse from under the nose of Mrs. Tabby Cat, who had expected to dine upon it herself.

"Father," said Bobby, a week afterward, "do you think I could teach Tufty anything?"

"Perhaps," he answered, "you could teach him to come to you whenever you whistle shrilly."

Bobby tried it out. He knew how to whistle very loudly by placing two fingers in his mouth and blowing strongly. Bobby would catch grasshoppers and then whistle and give them to his odd pet. Then Tufty

began to understand that a whistle meant something to eat and he would fly to his master when he heard the call.

One day two wee wrens came to the cherry-tree in the back yard. They looked at the cigar-box Bobby had nailed to a limb. They tried the door to see if it were big enough to let them in and small enough to keep sparrows out.

Then they began to build their nest in the box. Straws, strings, twigs, feathers, and bits of hair were taken inside and shaped into the pattern that Susie Wren liked.

In the mean time the saucy sparrows came and looked on. They twittered and chided each other, but at first they did not bother Johnny or Susie Wren. When Bobby saw the sparrows, he frowned, for he knew how quarrelsome they are.

Bobby picked up a corncob and threw it straight at the bird pests. They saw it coming and flew away before it struck. You might think Johnny and Susie Wren would be scared too, but they seemed to understand. At once Johnny Wren mounted to the tree's top and sang a song of triumph and thanks.

But the sparrows were not defeated. They came back half an hour later and started a fight with Johnny. He was a plucky little fellow all right, but the sparrows did not battle fairly. While Johnny was fighting one of the quarrelsome pests, another would come up behind him and another would jump on him from above.

Again Bobby found a cob and threw it and scared the troublesome birds away, but he knew he would not always be near enough to help the wrens. He wanted Johnny and Susie to stay and brighten the early morning hours with glad notes.

So Bobby Burns asked his mother how he could guard the new-comers and keep the selfish sparrows away, and then he asked his father. But it was Tufty Owl, who had been taught to come whenever the shrill two-fingers' whistle sounded, that gave him the secret.

One day Bobby went to the far corner of the big orchard to sound the call for Tufty to come and dine on grasshoppers. As it happened, Bobby was directly between Tufty and the home of the wrens. Bobby saw Tufty fly straight as an arrow right over his head into a noisy cluster of sparrows in the cherry-tree.

And what would you guess happened when Tufty missed Bobby and alighted in the tree where Johnny and Susie lived? Those noisy sparrows, shrieking with fear, darted away just as fast as their wings would carry them. Then Bobby rushed to his father and told him all about it.

"The very thing!" he chuckled. "The worst enemies sparrows have are cats and owls."

After that time Bobby made it a rule to give grasshoppers to Tufty from beneath the cherry-tree that held the cigar-box which was the home of Johnny and Susie Wren. Tufty learned to stay in the tree during the day, while at night he hunted for mice. The sparrows were afraid and remained away from Tufty Owl.

You ought to have heard Johnny sing his gladness and thanks to his big friend every morning. Tufty did not utter a single sound. He merely blinked with his left eye while with his right he kept a sharp lookout for the sparrows that did not come back.



## What Makes Thanksgiving.

BY RUTH EASTMAN.

IT isn't the turkey crisp and brown;  
It isn't the nuts that Jack Frost shook  
down;  
It isn't the apples, shining and red,  
Nor the happy greetings heartily said;  
It isn't the mince and pumpkin pies,  
Or the cakes to make you open your eyes.  
No, it isn't the food and happy living  
That makes the spirit of real Thanksgiving.

It is the thought that gladdens the poor  
With a well-filled basket beside their door;  
It is the kind word lovingly said  
That lifts the heart and the drooping  
head;

It is the gratitude shown each day  
To Him who leads us along life's way;  
It is our striving for purer living,—  
These are the things that make Thanksgiv-



GENEVA.

Showing Rousseau's island in the foreground  
and Mont Blanc in the distance.

## The Capital of the World.

SOMETHING ABOUT GENEVA, THE SWISS CITY,  
THE SEAT OF THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS.

BY ALLEN HENRY WRIGHT.

"IN these days we are seeing much in the newspapers about that great new diplomatic association—the League of Nations,"—said Uncle Jim, "and it has occurred to me that you might be interested in knowing something about the country which has been honored by having one of its cities chosen as the seat of the League, or, as we might put it, the 'capital of the world.'"

"This city—Geneva—is one of the most important in Switzerland, and generally the traveler who may have entered Switzerland from the north, visiting Basel, on the extreme northern boundary, and Lucerne, on the shore of the beautiful lake of the same name, will spend some time in the interior of the Swiss Republic before continuing to the south and west, where Lake Geneva stretches, crescent-shaped, as an enlarged section of the river Rhone.

"The memories of my visit in Switzerland are still so fresh that I wish I might picture for you some of the pleasures of a trip through this mountain republic. It is the one important country of the world which has no direct access to the sea. Hence it does not have to worry about such things as the maintenance of a navy. Perhaps you have heard the joke about any one being as important as an admiral in the Swiss navy. Now you can see the point in the joke.

"It has its lakes, and they are the most wonderful studies in blue that you can imagine. Towering from their very shores, at times the mountains rise to heights where the snow-line can be seen as one travels over the lakes in the neat little steamers.

"In going about from one canton to another, as the political sub-divisions of Switzerland are known, it is well for the traveler to have a general knowledge of several languages, for he will find some places where the prevailing tongue is French, in others it is Italian, and in others it is German, for Switzerland, in reality, has no distinct language of its own.

"Here and there in the towns one will come upon the wood-carvers, whose handiwork can be purchased for small sums. In Lucerne, for instance, I bought for a few centimes a wonderful carving of the famous 'Lion of Lucerne,' that wonderful piece of sculptured art which one sees in the glacier garden. There are carved dolls, too, Mary Clementine, and I am sure that they would interest you. Other dolls on sale are dressed in the gaudy colors of the Swiss holiday costumes.

"I can never forget a dinner I had in one of the Swiss towns, situated on one of the matchless lakes. I had been viewing the things of interest in the place and had come back to my hotel with a sharp appetite, and I found that some remark I had made during the morning had been heeded, for I was served with a platter of deliciously baked trout from the mountain waters, and as a dessert I was given a dish piled high with the sweetest wild strawberries which one could imagine. From the hotel window I could look out across the lake, and up the slopes of the mountains. As the darkness came on, here and there I could see the lights gleam forth from some chalet, perched like a dove-cote on the mountain-side, and then, later, as I strolled along the lake I heard the notes of a yodler, high up the slopes.

"Now, as to Geneva, the city which has been placed in such a prominent place in the world's history at this time, I want you to know that it has had a reputation for many years as a place where watches are made. In the past, too, it has been the home of many men who have helped make history, and when I mention Knox, Calvin, and Rousseau you may remember having heard of them. Geneva is a city of about a hundred thousand inhabitants, and it is one of the places in Switzerland where the French language prevails.

"This is not the first time that Geneva has figured in the politics of the world, for in 1871-72 there was held there a tribunal to settle upon the question of damages claimed by the United States as the result of losses to our shipping during the Civil War, and by the 'Geneva award' this country was voted more than fifteen millions, to be paid by Great Britain.

"And now, following the close of the greatest war in all history, the city of Geneva has been selected by the delegates of all nations in attendance at the Peace Conference in Versailles as the diplomatic seat of the new League of Nations, or what might be called the United States of the World.

"When I was studying geography I

often wished that I might visit Switzerland, and I still remember one of the early sentences I had in grammar. It was given to show the compound subject and read 'The Rhine and the Rhone rise in Switzerland.' At Basel, on the north, one can see the Rhine, while at Geneva, in the southwest, he can see the Rhone. At these two respective points, or near them, the two rivers leave the bounds of the country of their source and find their ways to the seas, the Rhine to the north and the Rhone to the south. I hope that all of you will some day have the pleasure of visiting Switzerland, and its newly honored city, Geneva, the capital of the world."

## "Wants."

BY WINIFRED ARNOLD.

THERE'S something that my Grandma sings,

The funniest old song;—  
"Man wants but little here below,  
"Nor wants that little long."

And when I asked her if 'twas true  
She said it was! Oh, Zoy!  
A man must change an awful lot  
From when he was a boy.

I want about a million things:  
A tool-chest, and a goat,  
A motor-bike, a mandolin,  
A tame rat, and a boat.

I want a printing press and type,  
A baseball bat and suit,  
A pleeceman's club; and then a cave  
Where we can hide our loot.

I want a trained performing dog,  
Some swell detective yarns,  
A magic lantern for us kids  
To give shows in our barns.

I want a false mustache and face,  
I want a rattler's tail,  
And then a job as R. F. D.  
To carry round the mail.

A Western broncho that can buck,  
An autograph from Foch,  
An', most of all, a helmet that  
Was captured from a Boche.

I want more things than you could count.  
And if men don't— Oh, Zoy!  
What fun is there in growing up?  
I want to stay a boy.

## He Didn't Let Go.

SOME one has told this incident, highly suggestive of the subject's spirit of adventure and determination:

When Rudyard Kipling, the famous writer, was a lad, he went on a sea voyage with his father, Lockwood Kipling. Soon after the vessel got under way Mr. Kipling went below, leaving the boy on deck. Presently there was a great commotion overhead, and one of the officers ran down and banged at Mr. Kipling's door.

"Mr. Kipling," he cried, "your boy has crawled out on the yardarm, and if he lets go he'll drown!"

"Yes," said Mr. Kipling, glad to know that nothing serious was the matter, "but he won't let go."

Sunday Afternoons.





# THE BEACON CLUB

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.



Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Beacon Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

ROCKLAND, MASS., R. F. D.

Dear Miss Buck,—I belong to the Unitarian Sunday school of Norwell. I try to go every Sunday although I live a mile away.

I enjoy reading *The Beacon* and I try to do the puzzles.

Our minister's name is Mr. Gale, and my teacher's name is Miss Howland.

I am fourteen years old and I have a brother who is ten.

We would like to join the Beacon Club and wear the pin.

Yours truly,  
HELEN AND FRED HEREDEN.

50 WASHINGTON STREET,  
HUDSON, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—I would like very much to belong to the Beacon Club and wear the pin.

Last winter we had a contest. The Sunday school was divided in two parts, a captain on each side. It was between two airships, pink and blue. It was to see which class would get the highest attendance and collection. Every time we got a new member we counted that a certain number of miles.

Our minister's name is Mr. Child.

## Giving Thanks.

BY THE EDITOR.

WE are all glad that we have Thanksgiving Day as one of our national holidays. We like the Psalms, the hymns, and the words of our great national leaders which express our feeling of gratitude for all God has done for our nation and for us as members of it.

Do our boys and girls realize that just saying thanks may not always be giving thanks? How may we give thanks to God? What may we do that shows the gratitude in our hearts? We may give thanks to God by giving to his creatures. Here are some of the things you may do:

*Give help.* Perhaps you have always thought of Thanksgiving as a time to give some one a good dinner. Now the dinner is all right when you know of some one who will be hungry without it; but do you? Give help in other ways. There is a boy or girl in your school who has hard work with his lessons, while you get yours easily. Help that one as part of your thanks for your chance to be educated. Look about your home. Some one there needs your help—needs just what you can best give as your part of the family life. Tell us in your Beacon Club letters what you found to do by which you could give thanks to God.

*Give joy.* Make some one glad and happy—a neighbor who is lonely, a teacher who has a hard time, a child who needs a playmate. Is there a children's hospital or home near you where your class might sing carols, or give a little play or masque, or present pictures or scrap-books you have made? Can you take a

I am sending in two enigmas which I hope you will all like.

Yours truly,

EDNA FAIRBANKS.

166 BATH STREET,  
PROVIDENCE, R.I.

Dear Miss Buck,—I go to St. John's Episcopal Church. My chum brings me *The Beacon* every Sunday. I enjoy reading the stories and solving the enigmas.

I am twelve years old and am in the eighth grade in school.

I would like to join the Beacon Club and wear its button.

I am sending an enigma which I hope will be published soon.

Sincerely yours,

IRMA MITCHELL.

Other new members of our Club are Margie Hannum, San Francisco, Calif.; Helen Haugen, Hanska, Minn.; Beatrice Fox, Meadville, Pa.; Marguerite Webster, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Randall Farr, San Antonio, Tex.; Arline Mae Stearns, Windsor, Vt.; Nellie Wells, Monroe, Wis.

flower to some one who is lonely or sad? The best way to be thankful for everything that makes you glad is to share your own joy with others. A young woman who gave her life in service as a missionary told why she wanted to do that work. "My own life had so much happiness in it," she said, "that I wanted to share my joy with others."

When you give thanks by doing something as well as saying something, you have entered into the true spirit of Thanksgiving.

## A Helping Hand.

SOME years ago a negro was walking along 42d Street in New York from the depot to his prospective hotel, carrying a heavy suit-case in one hand and a heavier valise in the other. Suddenly a hand was laid upon the valise, and the pleasant face of a stalwart young man looked into that of the negro.

"Pretty heavy, brother. Suppose you let me take one. I'm going your way."

The negro protested, but the young man had already taken hold of the valise. They walked on together for several blocks, talking like old friends, until they reached the hotel.

"And that," said Booker T. Washington, a short time before his death, "was the first time I ever met Theodore Roosevelt."

*Youth's Companion.*

I welcome every new day with new gratitude. This blessed light of heaven, how dear it is to me! And this earth, with what affection I look on it!

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

## RECREATION CORNER.

### ENIGMA XV.

I am composed of 25 letters.  
My 12, 7, 6, 9, is the opposite of hard.  
My 12, 5, 11, is above us.  
My 10, 16, 24, is worn on the head.  
My 8, 13, 17, 18, is to let.  
My 19, 20, 21, 22, we do with our ears.  
My 4, 1, 5, is to inquire.  
My 3, 16, 22, is what we hear with.  
My 6, 7, 8, is a preposition.  
My 20, 15, 23, is close of day.  
My 2, 8, 23, 9, 18, 11, is handsome.  
My 25, 20, 4, 14, 9, 19, is a place for a fire.  
My whole is a saying of Samuel.

L. F. P.

### ENIGMA XVI.

I am composed of 15 letters.  
My 8, 9, 6, 5, is a fruit.  
My 10, 13, 14, 1, is a piece of jewelry.  
My 12, 13, 3, 15, 2, is something on a door.  
My 11, 4, 6, is another name for ocean.  
My 7, 13, 3, 15, 4, 10, is what children sometimes do.  
My 10, 1, 14, 15, is a circlet of metal.  
My whole is a great American leader in the European War.

IRMA MITCHELL.

### BEHEADINGS.

1. Behead a nut and leave a cereal.
2. Behead a vegetable and leave a beverage.
3. Behead a boat and leave a tool.
4. Behead a prison and leave a pain.
5. Behead a cereal and leave something wet.
6. Behead a fraud and leave warmth.

### TWISTED CITIES.

- |                  |                     |
|------------------|---------------------|
| 1. Niaven.       | 7. Leamsruje.       |
| 2. Oabbmy.       | 8. Acadmsus.        |
| 3. Esounb Ireas. | 9. Tautcale.        |
| 4. Srulsesb.     | 10. Aielrlemas.     |
| 5. Dheilungrb.   | 11. Hmcaenters.     |
| 6. Oraci.        | 12. Tisa Kale Yite. |
- ISABEL HOWE.  
EDITH CLOYES.

### CHARADE.

If my first you would know, you have not far to look,  
I am sure you can find them in every book.  
My second's a word you can easily guess  
When I tell you that value 'tis used to express.  
My whole was a poet who held a high station,  
And lived to achieve a great reputation.

*Youth's Companion.*

### ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 6.

ENIGMA XI.—Marguerite Clark.  
ENIGMA XII.—O Captain, My Captain.  
HIDDEN PRESIDENTS.—1. Adams. 2. Washington. 3. Madison. 4. Grant. 5. Lincoln. 6. Taylor. 7. Fillmore. 8. Jackson. Johnson. 9. Polk.

DIAMOND.—  
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## THE BEACON

REV. FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR

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